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## **Out-Of-Body Experiences – A Poem**

*by Pete Spiro*

Goes by many names: OOB, OBE, OOB,  
astral travel or projection,  
and is distinguished from death  
in that you return.

Imagine a car, like an old beater  
that grinds and coughs and shakes  
its way up hills. Imagine a hill  
and imagine yourself  
in the imaginary beater  
as you push it past forty:  
rattling like a tin can,  
wheezing, buzzing, bulging,  
straining against gravity,  
it stalls. And as it stalls, or  
before it stalls,  
having pulled up on the emergency brake,  
you leap and leave it  
in neutral.

You're out. You're like string cheese  
or like paste that's been squeezed from a tube.

You're like the "you" you talk about  
when you think of yourself in third person.

You're like so/much/light,  
and like O/so/beautiful  
and none of it makes sense.

You're a bird, you're a leaf  
in green rapture, you're invisible wind  
that sweeps the leaf and lifts the bird.

You've got "pi" on your mind,  
which is no longer a puzzle  
because you can follow its sweep  
toward infinity.

Let's face it: you  
have been here all along  
hiding in the reeds.

But you are  
like any other dream  
or any other trip  
you've been on before. Shake it off,  
let's get on with it.

There's a road. There's a journey.

And there's a reason  
for it. Your trip  
home for a visit  
was to top off your tank  
and keep you loose,  
like a quick fill 'er up  
and a speed lube.

Directions? Just one:

keep it focused  
on the spot  
where the rubber meets the road.

It's where oil stains  
disappear and reappear  
as angels dancing  
the mambo or the polka  
depending on the band  
you dream there.

Peace. Love. Blessings.  
Roll down the window and shout.  
And drive it like your hair's on fire.

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